MIKE
Antonio..-
Plex Romer.

Manny gave him a list. Mike owed him...
Mike was going to make Manny whole again...
Hey, quit it Mike. You don't want to *push* me, man. Don't *push* me, y'hear.
You've done cooked yourself now, chief!
Manny took it on the chin. A real haymaker. Mike and Deb were both plastered, arguing oven temperatures.
Manny was plastered, too. --He was airborne before she started to wind up. --What with Mike's back and all.
Army man here, Francis, he cut in on a slow-jam down at Rosy's a few years back.
They were playing his song. It was his birthday. Guaranteed lay.
Rumours like that, Francis... Well... I gotta wonder...

Or is it better if I call you *private* Donut?
CRACK!
SMOCK!
No more *dancing!*
Manny got *three* on account of that's how many teeth Deb took him for. She threw the rum at Mike. --Way off.
--After the army base, Mike went to 42 Hope st., ripped out the satellite dish and antenna.
No damn drinks service on this bullshit plane. Manny's only human. It's entrapment is what it was. Scum.

I should have been there next to him. Should have been pouring drinks for him... Should have been raising him up... *Easy, now...*
All the pretty horses.
You know what you did. *Hope street...*
Can't get this song out of my head. *Dun dun-dun dun-dun-dun...*
Song!? W-what? You went to my *house!?*
Yeah, that's M*A*S*H, man. Nice one.
Make it a BYO sort of thing, huh? Charge a *corkage* fee.
Dunno... --Killed your dog.
Great. I get it. Very funny.
It's not funny, Ken. But you did deserve it.
W-w-what?
MIKE IN EFFECT!
Pat, get my wife on the phone...

Perfect landing.
And now, man takes on beast. Manny sure has lived a life...
If I can nail this whole thing three-for-three... Nothing but net...
Maybe splash out on a gold tooth. Show him he's worth it...
"Why don't you ever get *me* any gold teeth!?" Right. Like I'm gonna fall for that.
...Don't really see them from this angle...
MY BACK!!
Apologise!
You got into the *wrong* yard, pal. The *wrong* yard!

He was going to make his famous *soup* with all those vegetables! --Oof!
Ouch! Ouch ouch!
See how I control you?
Mike had been waiting for an opportunity to pay back Manny.
I'm beginning to see clearly, beast. Do you hear me?
Next time it's *your* dog! Feel me?
Mike stopped by Dom's Lounge on the way back.
--Apple pie with extra cream... Mike knew he would always be in Manny's debt.
BANGA
END